THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 18.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1809.* [VOL. I.

AGNES FELTON.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

I had remained, until now, concealed beneath the ſhadow of ſome trees, but ſtepping forward to continue the objects of my admiration in view, a favourite dog, who ran by their ſide, caught a ſight of me, and, beginning to bark with vehemence, they turned round. I found myſelf diſcovered, and, advancing towards them, begged they would pardon my intruſion, for that, invited by the beauty of the ſcene, I had inadvertently wandered into their grounds. They ſmiled at my apology, and the old gentleman, with much good nature, told me I was welcome to his farm; that it gave him pleaſure to perceive I admired his ſituation, and that provided I could bear to travel no faſter than himſelf, he would ſhew me ſome parts well worth ſeeing, and which probably from my ignorance of the country, had eſcaped me. I thanked him, and willingly accepting of his propoſal, we took another direction, returning to the cottage by a path which was altogether hid from common obſervation. An agreeable converſation ſoon took place, into which our fair companion occaſionally entered with the moſt frank and amiable ſimplicity, and ſpeedily convinced me that her heart and her underſtanding were as lovely as her form. As we became more and more pleaſed with each other, the reſerve natural to ſtrangers, wore off and having expreſſed much ſatisfaction, mingled with ſome curioſity, in regard to their mode of life, the old man told me, he had formerly ſerved as a Britiſh officer in Germany, that his name was Felton, and that having lived long in the army without due promotion, and being very much wounded in his laſt engagement, and indeed rendered incapable of further ſervice, he had retired with his wife and daughter, the young lady now preſent, to a little eſtate which he poſſeſſed in the weſt riding of Yorſhire; that after reſiding a few happy years in that ſituation, he loſt his wife, and, unable any longer to endure the ſight of objects which perpetually recalled her to his memory, he had left it for this romantic ſpot, where, bleſt with the dutiful and affectionate attention of his lovely Agnes, nothing on this ſide of the grave, he thought, could add to his content. As he ſaid this, he turned towards his daughter, whoſe blue eyes, ſuffuſed with tears, beamed the moſt lively gratitude. I felt at this moment one of the ſweeteſt tranſports my breaſt has ever known; I felt how much all ſublunary bliſs reſts on the warmth of ſocial feeling, and gazing on the tender features of Miſs Felton, the tear that trickled down my cheek gave tribute to her goodneſs.

WE had by this time reached the cottage, having in our ſhort tour ſeen ſeveral little elegant and ſtriking views, the fore ground of which, as ſequeſtered and lying near the cot, had been greatly improved by the genius of Felton. I would now have taken my leave, for the ſun was near the horizon, but Felton begged I would ſtep in, and, as he expreſſed it, grace his humble ſhed. I could not refuſe; there was an air of gentleneſs and ſincerity about him that would not admit of a refuſal; ſo I ſtepped into a very neat little parlour, where, ſitting down, the good old man deſired his daughter to bring ſome of her beſt wine; "if you can excuſe," he ſaid, "what an old ſoldier can afford, you are welcome; Heaven has not given me affluence, ſir, but it has bleſſed me with what I value more, a lot above dependence, and a heart that is grateful for the gift." I was much affected, and, without ſaying a word, involuntarily ſtretched out my hand; he placed his in mine; we were ſilent: Miſs Felton entered, ſhe ſmiled; and throwing her blue eyes with bewitching ſweetneſs upon me, offered the wine: I took a glaſs; my hand trembled; I drank her health; it was, I thought, the moſt delightful wine I had ever taſted; I praiſed her ſkill; ſhe bluſhed. 'I am glad it pleaſes you,' ſhe ſaid. At this moment, turning round to ſpeak to her father, the bright hilt of a ſword, which hung acroſs the chimney piece, caught my attention. Felton obſerved it, and riſing from his chair, took it down; he drew it from the ſcabbard: "this," cried he, waving it round his head, "this, ſir, was once my only fortune, my only friend; with this (and much good ſervice has it done me,) with this I've known the day when, ſhrinking from the lightning of its edge, the foes of Felton have retired." As he ſpoke this, a tranſient light flaſhed from his eyes, but pauſing awhile, an expreſſion mild and penſive ſucceeded: "thoſe days," reſuming his diſcourſe, "are paſſed, nor do I wiſh them to return; turbulent they were, and marked with blood; war was never my enjoyment, I never did delight in devaſtation; the tears of the mournful were ever bitter to my ſoul." He ſighed, and ſheathing his ſword, placed it in its former ſituation. "No," he continued, "though ever ready, and with a willing heart, to ſerve my country, yet never did I taſte the ſweets of happineſs, till having ſought retirement, I indulged the pleaſures of domeſtic life. Here with my Agnes and a few friends, every wiſh is gratified. I here poſſeſs, and I am thankful for it, my ſhare of human bliſs.

During this little ſpeech Miſs Felton ſate near a table, her head reclined upon her hand, her eyes were fixed upon her father, they were full of tears, tears of grateful rapture. Sure, thought I, if content did ever viſit the abode of man, her reſidence is here, where virtue, and where feeling hearts, where peace and competence combine. Ah, never, in the warmeſt ſally of my imagination, never did I fancy aught ſo beauteous as this ſpot of ground, or aught ſo lovely as its gentle tenants. How to take leave of them I knew not; the ſun had already ſet, and the moment of ſeperation drew near, of a ſeperation perhaps eternal. I roſe, I kiſſed the white hand of Miſs Felton; and, embracing her father, hurried out of the room, without being able to utter a ſingle word: the night was fine, the moon had riſen, and ſweetly illuminated the lake and diſtant mountains; all, except the nightingale, was mute; and ſtruck by a ſcene ſo accordant with my feelings, it was late ere I reached the village, where, giving way to a ſtrain of penſive enthuſiaſm, I wrote, before I went to reſt, the following ſtanzas:

I go; farewell, my beauteous maid!
I leave the land beloved for thee,
From Graſmere's hills afar convey'd,
From all that whiſper'd joy to me.

Though dear the little native vale
To which I turn my lingering feet,
Though dear the friends who in that dale
Expect their much lov'd ſon to greet:

Yet will they hear the deap drawn ſigh,
As ſhuns his couch the traitor ſleep;
Yet will they view his languid eye,
And o'er the love-lorn mourner weep.

Oh, had ye known the gentle maid,
How ſoft her accent, mild her air,
How ſweet her dark-brown ringlets play'd,
And trembled on her boſom fair;

Ye would not, O my friends, admire,
Why ſeeks your ſon the walk by ſtealth,
Why beats his pulſe with fev'riſh fire,
Why fades the purple glow of health.

And muſt I leave you, muſt we part?
Ah, ruthleſs fortune bids to fly,
Nor heeds the pang that ſwells my heart,
Nor marks the tear-o'erflowing eye.

Yet Hope ſhall ſooth the boſom care,
Shall fondly prompt the tender ſigh,
Shall ſmiling wave her golden hair,
And roll her blue voluptuous eye.

Perchance when time hath ſtol'n away
A few dull years of toil and pain;
Ah, then, perchance, may beam a day
To guide me to my love again.

Biography.

FOR THE VISITOR.

::::::::::

MRS. BEHN.

APHARA, or APHRA BEHN.—Some difference of opinion ſeems to have ariſen reſpecting this lady's chriſtian name. Mr. Langbain has aſſerted that it was Aſtræa, but this certainly could be no other than a poetical one, by which ſhe was uſually known, and addreſſed by her contemporaries. Our authoreſs was deſcended from a very reſpectable family, whoſe reſidence was in the city of Canterbury, but in what year ſhe was born is uncertain, though it was ſome time in the reign of Charles the firſt. Her fathers name was Johnſon, who, through the intereſt of the lord Willoughby, to whom he was related, being appointed lieutenant general of Surinam, ſet out on his voyage there, taking with him his whole family, among whom was the ſubject of the preſent memoir, at that time very young. Mr. Johnſon died during the paſſage; but his family reaching Surinam, ſettled there for ſome years.

Here it was that ſhe learnt the hiſtory, and acquired a perſonal knowledge of the American Prince Oroonoko, and his beloved Imoinda, whoſe adventures ſhe has ſo pathetically related in her celebrated novel of that name, which Mr. Southerne afterwards adapted ſo admirably to his purpoſe as to make it the ground-work of one of the beſt tragedies in the Engliſh language. The intereſt ſhe took in the concerns of this prince, added to her own perſonal beauty, afforded an opportunity to the cenſorious of aſcribing her partiality to a tenderer motive than that of friendſhip; but ſhe is ſufficiently vindicated from this aſperſion by the pen of a lady, who has prefixed ſome memoirs of her life to an edition which ſhe publiſhed of her novels. On her return to London ſhe became the wife of Mr. Behn, a merchant of dutch extraction, reſiding in that city, who died ſoon after. Her wit and addreſs ſoon recommended her to ſome of the firſt characters in the kingdom, and ſhe was in ſuch high eſtimation at court as to be thought a proper perſon to tranſact ſome affairs of importance abroad, at the time of the Dutch war.

During her reſidence at Antwerp in the latter end of the year 1666, ſhe found means to obtain ſuch influence over one Vander Albert, a Dutchman of eminence, that through him ſhe gained the firſt intelligence of a deſign formed by De Kuyter, in conjunction with the family of the De Wits, of ſailing up the Thames, and burning the Engliſh ſhips in their harbours. This ſhe communicated to the government at home, and gave the particulars of their plan, which was afterwards found to be correct, but the ſcheme at the time was deemed ſo improbable, that no attention was paid to her information, which determined her to interfere no further in political affairs; and during the remainder of her ſtay at Antwerp, ſhe devoted herſelf to the gaities and galliantries of the place. The perſevering Dutchman, Vander Albert, continued his addreſſes, and finding the lady acceſſible on no other terms than matrimony, made her a liberal and honorable offer; but while he was preparing at Amſterdam for a journey to England, a fever carried him off, and left her entirely her own miſtreſs. She was then ſtrongly ſolicited by a very old man, of the name of Van Bruin, at whoſe expence ſhe diverted herſelf for a time, and then rejected him with that ridicule which ſuch abſurd addreſſes ſo juſtly merit.

In her voyage back to England, ſhe was very near being loſt, the veſſel being driven on the coaſt by a ſtorm; but happening to ſounder within ſight of land, the paſſengers were all fortunately preſerved by timely aſſiſtance from the ſhore. From this period ſhe ſeems to have divided her time between the faſhionable gaieties of the age, and the ſervice of the muſes. Her wit gain'd her the eſteem of Dryden, Southern, and other men of genius, as her beauty had formerly attracted the lovers of galliantry. The taſte of the age gave a turn to the ſtyle of her writings, which were very numerous; conſiſting of Plays, Novels, Poems, Letters, &c. What ſhe wrote for the ſtage was chiefly comedy, having produced but one tragedy, among the ſeventeen dramatic pieces which bear her name. In all her writings, even the moſt indifferent of them, there are ſtrong marks of genius and understanding. Her plots are full of buſineſs, and ingeniouſly conducted; her dialogues ſparkle with genuine wit; and the characters in general are well ſupported. But, in common with the writers of that age, her wit has been juſtly accuſed of degenerating into a warmth of deſcription, not always compatible with propriety. Pope has deſcribed the licenſe of thoſe times, and poetically told us, that they could only lay claim to one pure writer at that period.

" Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles' days,
" None but Roſcommon boaſts unſpotted lays."

But, in extenuation, we may quote the lines of Doctor Johnſon;

" The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
" For thoſe who live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live."

Her private character cannot be more juſtly given than by one of her female companions, who had the beſt opportunity of furniſhing us with a faithful deſcription.

" She was," ſays this lady, " of a generous, humane diſpoſition; ſomething paſſionate, very ſerviceable to her friends, and could ſooner forgive an injury than do one. She had wit, humour, good-nature, and judgment, and was miſtreſs of all the pleaſing arts of converſation. For my part, I knew her intimately, and never ſaw aught unbecoming the modeſty of our ſex; though more gay and lively than the folly of the preciſe will allow."

After a life, intermingled with numerous diſſapointments, which, as a contemporary writer obſerves, a woman of her ſenſe and merit ought never to have met with, and in the cloſe of a long indiſpoſition, Mrs. Behn departed from this world, on the 16th of April, 1689, and lies interred in the cloyſters of Weſtminſter Abbey, under a blue marble ſtone, againſt the firſt pillar in the eaſt ambulatory, with the following inſcription:

MRS. APHRA BEHN,
Died April the 16th,
1689.
Here lies a proof that wit can never be defence enough againſt mortality.
Revived by Tho: Waine, in reſpect to ſo bright a genius.

Extracted from Dr. Ramſay's Hiſtory of South-Carolina.

JOHN LAURENS,

Son of Henry Laurens, was born in Charleſtown in 1755. His early education was conducted by Benjamin Lord, reverend Meſſieurs Himeli and Panton. In youth he diſcovered that energy of character which diſtinguiſhed him through life. When a lad, though labouring under a fever, on the cry of fire he leaped from his bed, haſtened to the ſcene of danger, and was in a few minutes on the top of the expoſed houſes riſking his life to arreſt the progreſs of the flames. This is the more worthy of notice, for precisely in the ſame way, and under a ſimilar, though higher impulſe of ardent patriotiſm, he loſt his life in the year 1782.

At the age of ſixteen he was taken to Europe by his father, and there put under the beſt means of inſtruction in Geneva; and afterwards in London.

In the courſe of his youthful ſtudies, he united the plodding diligence of the mere ſcholar, and the refinement of the gentleman. By a judicious diſtribution of his time, and doing with all his might whatever he engaged in, he acquired as much ſolid uſeful learning as could be expected from one, who, immuring himſelf in the walls of a college renounced ſociety; and at the ſame time as many accompliſhments as are uſually attained by thoſe who, neglecting all ſtudy, aim at nothing more than the exterior poliſh of an elegant education. In claſſical learning, the French and Italian languages, Mathematics, Philoſophy, Geography, Hiſtory, and the ordinary circle of Sciences, he was an adept; and alſo excelled in drawing, dancing, fencing, riding, and all the graces and refined manners of a man of faſhion. He was entered a ſtudent of law at the temple in 1774, and was daily improving in legal knowledge till the diſputes between Great Britain and her colonies arreſted his attention. He ſoon found that the claims of the mother country ſtruck at the root of liberty in the colonies, and that ſhe perſeveringly reſolved to enforce theſe claims at every hazard. Fain would he have come out to join his countrymen in arms at the commencement of the conteſt; but the peremptory order of his father enjoined his continuance in England, to proſecute his ſtudies, and finiſh

See 2 page further.

among other advantages, that of having a wife gifted with ſo many rare qualities and ineſtimable virtues. Ingratitude alone could miſtake the benefits of this auguſt and divine religion; it would be like deſpiſing the boſom of our mother.

I have diſcharged my dear Barlow, a very painful taſk in cenſuring, without human reſpect, what in your poem, offends chriſtianity. The works being public I give the ſame publicity to my remonſtrance, thus ſatisfying what is preſcribed to me by my principles, my ſituation, my conſcience, and my invariable friendſhip.

H. GREGOIRE,

Former Biſhop of Blois, ſenator, &c. Paris, March 15, 1809.

Natural History.

Additions to the Natural History of certain Animals.

THE two following articles are taken from an account of Guiana, in South America, lately publiſhed in Paris, by M. Malouet:

ANTS.

"In the middle of an immenſe Savannah, or ſwamp, perfectly level as far as the eye could carry, I obſerved a little hill, which appeared to be formed by men. My companion told me it was an ant hill. What! is this gigantic conſtruction made by an inſect? He propoſed to conduct me, not to the hill, where we might have been devoured, but near the road of the labourers. We ſoon diſcovered ſeveral columns of ants going to, and coming from the foreſt, and bringing back pieces of leaves, roots, and ſeeds or grains. Thoſe ants were of the largeſt ſize, but I did not venture to obſerve them too nearly. Their habitation, which I examined at about forty paces off, appeared to be about fifteen or twenty feet high, and about thirty or forty feet in diameter at the baſe. Its ſhape was that of pyramid cut off at a third of its proper height. I was informed that when a planter had the misfortune to diſcover one of theſe formidable fortreſſes in clearing his newly-acquired lands, he was obliged to abandon his eſtabliſhment, unleſs he was powerful enough to carry on a regular ſiege. My informer ſaid this had happened to himſelf; he wiſhed to extend his plantations, and diſcovered ſuch a hut as was then before us. He cauſed a deep circular ditch to be dug, and filled with pieces of dry wood, and after having ſet fire to the whole circumference, he attacked the ant hill with cannon. The demolition of the fabric diſperſed the whole army of ants, which having no means of retreat, periſhed in the flames which iſſued from the ditch.

"What can be the cauſe of this immenſe reunion of ants, in the ſame place, and engaged in the ſame direction of labour, of collecting proviſions, and of cohabitation, whilſt they have at their diſpoſal vaſt extents of lands, and plentiful food? It appears probable, that in theſe deſerts they find a number of enemies among the birds, the reptiles, and even the quadrupeds, ſuch as the ant-bear, againſt whom their numbers, if diſperſed, can do nothing.

"They have conceived the plan of a confederation ſo powerful and ſo harmonic, that even the curious, who appear at the limits of their empire, are not tempted to encroach. It may truly be ſaid that this population is rallied *en maſſe* againſt every aſſailant; for the moſt robuſt man or animal who might approach the ant-hill, would in an inſtant be covered and devoured by myriads of ants.*

"Since this, I ſaw, at Cayenne, another ſpecies of ants, no leſs wonderful, and more uſeful, as it remains in peace and alliance with man, and it purſues only flies, lizards, catterpillars, ſcorpions, rats and mice. I have ſeen them arrive from the country in columns, enter the town by the gate, run over the houſes, where the were fearleſſly allowed to enter, and return after their execution, in the ſame order, and out of the ſame gate. I leave to naturaliſts the care of claſſing and deſcribing the ſpecies; it is the moral part of animals which intereſts me.

*In the the Philoſophical Tranſactions may be found a circumſtantial account of this ſpecies of ants, with ſeveral plates of their habitations, by Mr. Smeathman.

SERPENTS.

"In the Savannahs of Iracubo, in Guiana, I ſaw the moſt wonderful; the moſt terrible ſpectacle that can be imagined; and although it be not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horſeback, two of whom took the lead, in order to ſound the paſſages; for I choſe to traverſe the country in various directions, and to ſkirt the great foreſts. One of the negroes, who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me,---"Here, Sir, come ſee ſerpents in pile."---He pointed out to me ſomething elevated in the middle of the Savannah, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then ſaid, this is certainly one of thoſe aſſemblages of ſerpents, which heap themſelves on each other after a violent tempeſt; I have heard talk of theſe but have never ſeen any; let us proceed cautiouſly, and not go too near. We continued our way ſlowly; I fixed my eyes on the pyramid, which appeared immovable. When we were within ten or twelve paces of it, the terror of our horſes prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined.

"On a ſudden the pyramidal maſs became agitated; horrible hiſſings iſſued from it, and thouſands of ſerpents rolled ſpirally on each other, ſhot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, preſenting their envenomed darts, and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the firſt to draw back; but when I ſaw that this formidable phalanx remained at its poſt, and appeared to be more diſpoſed to defend itſelf than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy from every ſide. I then ſoughe, as I had done with regard to the ant-hills, what could be the deſign of this monſtrous aſſemblage; and I concluded that this ſpecies of ſerpent dreaded, like the ants, ſome colloſean enemy, which might be the great ſerpent,† or the *cayman*, and that the reunite themſelves after having ſeen this enemy, in order to attack or reſiſt him *in maſſ*.

"On this occaſion I ſhall hazard an opinion which I found on ſeveral other obſervations; it is, that the animals in the new world are more advanced than the men in developing their inſtinct, and in the ſocial combinations of which they are ſuſceptible; the ſilence and the ſolitude of the woods, leaving the greateſt liberty to all their motions, the individuals of the ſame ſpecies eaſily meet; and thoſe ſpecies which are the beſt organized feel, without doubt, that impulſion of a common intereſt which announces and provokes to the ſame end, the concurrence of all their means; but after having acknowledged in animals different degrees of intelligence, ſuch as memory, deliberation, will, we are reduced to mere conjecture as to their means of communication. It is certain, that thoſe which poſſeſs the organs of voice, have their cries of alarm, of rallying, of love, and of anger, and may they not alſo have thoſe requiſite to combine their chaces, to diſtribute the poſts of attack and defence, the different labours for their common conſtructions, as well as for ſupplying their common habitations with neceſſaries? Can we conceive that beavers cut down great trees, drag them to the river, form and plant piles, beat mortar, build their lodge, without ſpeaking to, and underſtanding each other? Wherever their are different parts, and a common or general direction, there is police and government. We are not yet acquainted with the legiſlative power of bees and waſps, although we are ſo with ther executive power; and who knows but what their humming and buzzing, monotonous to our groſs organs, have not the variety of accent neceſſary for the promulgation and execution of their laws? As to thoſe ſpecies which are or appear to dumb, like ants, it was enough for me to have ſeen their vaſt capital to be convinced that their population (which muſt be twice as conſiderable as Pekin‡) underſtands itſelf, and is governed infinitly better than the empire of China.

"It is difficult that the ſpectacle of ſo many wonders ſhould not inſpire us with a religious ſentiment for their Divine Author, who has willed that, in the midſt of animated beings, there ſhould be one ſuperior to all others, and marked with a celeſtial ſeal, that of conſcience."

† "Some of thoſe ſerpents are from thirty to forty feet in length, and four or five in circumference. I brought the ſtuffed ſkin of one of the ſpecies back to France, and gave it to the Muſeum---it was twenty-one feet long, and thirteen inches in diameter.

"The *cayman* is of the oviparous ſpecies of crocodiles, the egg from which it proceeds is no larger than that of a gooſe, the animal grows to the ſame enormous length as the above mentioned ſerpents."

‡ According to Sir George Staunton, Pekin contained, in 1793, three millions of inhabitants.

Humorous.

ANECDOTE OF KNIPE.

THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN.

Mr, R. W. Knipe was an actor of no ſmall repute in Ireland and remarkable for his facetious and excentric character. It was his uſual cuſtom when the Dublin theatres were cloſed, to take an excurſion through the country, accompanied by Mrs. Knipe. It is here neceſſary to obſerve, that Mrs. Knipe was a very beautiful woman and he had as great a propenſity to ſee her well dreſſed as he had in ſeeing himſelf a ſloven. While ſhe moved in the travelling dreſs of a dutcheſs, Knipe ſat by her with a long black beard, a little cut wig, under which his own hair of another color was peeping out the length of three inches; a long napleſs great coat, that dragged at his heels, and greaſy leather breeches: In this ſtrange contradiction of habit, they ſtopped one night at an inn that was much crouded, and Knipe could not get any one of the people to waſh the mire from his chaiſe: at laſt one of the oſtlers took him aſide—"My darling ſaid he, you ſeem to be a good cratur here's a broom, and there's a tub, go to the well and begin the job for me; and by Jaſus whatever your miſtreſs gives me, I will ſhare it wide you." Knipe reſolved to humor the miſtake, took the fellow by the hand, thanked him, and began to clean the carriage. Preſently the oſtler joined him, and they ſcrubbed induſtriouſly together in concert, "Oh, my ſoul, ſaid the Iriſhman, what a cratur that miſtreſs of yours is! ſuch a parfect beauty I never ſaw by day or by night. Now, may the devil fire my mother's eldeſt ſon, but I'd ſooner drive her for nothing, than get a tirteen by driving here every day of my life." "You really think ſhe is pretty," ſaid Knipe, to tell you the truth, I think ſhe's pretty too; and what is better, ſhe's one of the beſt tempered ſouls in the world. Do you know, I ſleep with her ſometimes." What! rejoined Pat, in aſtoniſhment,---ah---arrah!---poh!---don't be after bothering---you ſleep---yes, yes, that's a good joke; I ſuppoſe you fall aſleep ſometimes in the chaiſe, and ſo you make a ſtory of it. Why, you ugly ſlip of a tall Mary, I've a mind to go and tell her what a pretty ſort of a ſarvent ſhe has got." "No, replied Knipe, don't do that, becauſe I ſhall give you a good drubbing if you do; but come, I'll put you out of pain—but don't mention it again, for if you do, d—n the penny you ſhall get in the morning—I will ſleep with her to night." Oh, be eaſy man (interrupted the incredulous hoſtler) dont be putting your jokes upon a body, but get another tub of water." I tell you I will, added Knipe, it was ſettled as we came along; ſo mind, keep my counſel, or no money." After this dialogue, Knipe went in, and found Mrs. Knipe had taken her coffee and retired to bed much fatigued, he therefore went into the kitchen, and converſed with ſome travelling people. The poor devil of an Oſtler had not only told the ſervants, but his miſtreſs, what Knipe had declared, and conſequently they were all determined to watch whether he went into the lady's chamber. When he aſked to go to bed, the landlady took a candle and ſhewed him in a little room adjoining that where Mrs. Knipe lay—"Harkee, good woman, ſaid he, where is my wife?" "Come, good man, ſaid ſhe, none of your canary tricks, but go to bed like a chriſtian, and in the morning I'll tell your lady a very decent ſtory." Knipe, knowing his wife was in the next room, to feed the miſtake, ſate down on the bed, and pretended to undreſs himſelf, on which the hoſteſs left him, and he immediately went to his wife's room; where he had not been ten minutes before it was diſcovered, and had he not fortunately locked the door, they would have turned them both out of the houſe.

A diſcuſſion once took place between Lord Littleton and Grenville (Earl Temple) on the comparative antiquity of their families. Littleton contended that the name Greenville, was originally *Green-field*; Temple inſiſted that it was derived from Grand Ville. Well then, ſaid Lord Littleton, if you will have it ſo, my family may boaſt of the higher antiquity, for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to *great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point; for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either.

A drummer having told a fifer that when two armies met, muſic was of as much conſequence as wind to a wind-mill---without it they would never come to blows. "Then," replied the fifer, "the only way to *reſtore true harmony, is to take away their muſic.*",

At the Iriſh Society, ſome of the members were debating about their different ages. How old are you? ſaid one. Forty ſeven laſt Good Friday. I remember it well, ſays another, for when you was born, it happened on a Sunday, being leap year.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIED,—On Thurſday 21ſt ult. Mr. John J. Garnett of Eſſex County, to the accompliſhed Miſs Lucy L. Carter of King & Queen County.

DEATHS.

DIED,—In this city on Friday 29th ult. Mr. William Claiborne, father of William C. C. Claiborne Eſq. Governor of the territory of Orleans.

——On the 30th ult. Major William Armſtead, an old and meritorious Revolutionary officer.

——On the ſame day, Mr. E. M'Quillan.

——Lately in Staunton at the houſe of Capt. George Turner, on her return from the ſprings Mrs. Lucy Singleton, of Richmond, in the 31ſt year of her age.

——Suddenly on Sunday the 3d inſt. at New-York, George W. Nicholas, of Virginia, Midſhipman, on board the U. S. frigate Eſſex.

——At Lamberton, (New Jerſey,) of a Bilious fever, James Boiſſeau, of Peterſburg, Student of Medicine, in the Univerſity of Penſylvania.

——Lately on his way from Hertford co. N. C. William Cherry Eſq. Attorney at Law, and one of the Members of the General Aſſembly.

——a few days ſince in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, Mr. Harwood, Comedian. In the loſs of Mr. Harwood it may truly be ſaid, the American ſtage has loſt one of its moſt valuable actors. Perhaps in chaſte, rich, native humor, he was excelled by no man alive.

——On the 27 ult. Mr. Alexander Rienagle, in the 62d year of his age: one of the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore theatres.

JUST PUBLISHED,

From the Viſitor Preſs, an ORATION delivered at the Capitol on the 3d of Auguſt 1809, by Robert S. Garnett, "On the influence of the arts and ſciences on individual and national happineſs."—Price 25 cts. For ſale at the different Book-Stores in the city and at this office.

The Fifth vol. of the Domestic Encylcopedia

Has been miſſing for ſome time from my book-caſe. The perſon who borrowed, or took it away, is reſpectfully informed that returning it, as ſoon as poſſible, will confer a favor on

Alex: Quarrier.

Sept. 22, 1809. tf

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

Once a Fortnight, at Two Dollars per Annum,

By Lynch & Southgate,

CORNER OF HARRIS'S BUILDING.

his education. As a dutiful ſun he obeyed theſe orders; but as a patriot burning with deſire to defend his country, he diſmiſſed Coke, Littleton, and all the tribes of juriſts, and ſubſtituted in their place Vauban, Folard, and other writers on war. He alſo availed himſelf of the excellent opportunities which London affords of acquiring practical knowledge in the manual exerciſe, of tactics, and the mechaniſm of war. Thus inſtructed, as ſoon as he was a freeman of legal age he quitted England for France, and by a circuitous voyage in neutral veſſels, and at conſiderable riſk made his way good in the year 1777 to Charleſtown. Independence had been declared—The American army was raiſed, officered and in the field. He who by his attainments in general ſcience, and particularly in the military art, deſerved high rank, had no ordinary door left open to ſerve his country but by entering in the loweſt grade of an army abounding with officers. Gen Waſhington, ever attentive to merit, inſtantly took him into his family as a ſupernumerary aid-de camp. Shortly after this appointment he had an opportunity of indulging his military ardour. He fought and was wounded in the battle of Germantown, October 4th 1776. He continued in General Waſhington's family in the middle ſtates till the Britiſh had retreated from Philadelphia to New York and was engaged in the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778. After this the war being transferred more Northwardly, he was indulged in attaching himſelf to the army of Rhode-Iſland where the moſt active operations were expected ſoon to take place.---There he was intruſted with the command of ſome light troops. The bravery and good conduct which he diſplayed on this occaſion was honoured by Congreſs On the fifth of November. 1778, they reſolved "that John Laurens Eſq. aid-de-camp to General Waſhington, be preſented with a continental commiſſion of lieutenant-colonel in teſtimony of the ſenſe which Congreſs entertained of his patriotic and ſpirited ſervices as a volunteer in the American army; and of his brave conduct in ſeveral actions, particularly in that of Rhode-Iſland on the 29th of Auguſt laſt; and that General Waſhington be directed whenever an opportunity ſhall offer to give lieutenant-colonel Laurens command agreeable to his rank." On the next day, a letter from lieutenant-colonel Laurens, was read in Congreſs, expreſſing, "his gratitude for the unexpected honour which Congreſs were pleaſed to confer on him by the reſolution paſſed the day before; and the high ſatisfaction it would have afforded him could he have accepted it without injuring the rights of the officers in the line of the army, and doing an evident injuſtice to his colleagues in the family of the commander in chief---that having been a ſpectator of the convulſions occaſioned in the army by diſputes of rank, he held the tranquility of it too dear to be inſtrumental in diſturbing it and therefore entreated Congreſs to ſuppreſs the reſolve of yeſterday, ordering him a commiſſion of lieutenant-colonel, and to accept his ſincere thanks for the intended honour." In this relinquiſhment there was a victory gained by patriotiſm over ſelf love. Lieutenant-colonel Laurens loved military fame and rank; but he loved his country more, and ſacrificed the former to preſerve the peace and promote the intereſt of the latter.

In the next year the Britiſh directed their military operations, chiefly againſt the moſt ſouthern ſtates. Lieutenant-colonel John Laurens was induced by double motives to repair to South Carolina. The poſt of danger was always the object of his preference. His native ſtate was become the theatre of war. To its aid he repaired, and in May 1779, with a party of light troops, had a ſkirmiſh with the Britiſh at Tulifinny. In endeavouring to obſtruct their progreſs towards Charleſtown, he received a wound. This was no ſoooner cured than he rejoined the army and was engaged in the unſuccesful attack on Savannah 9th October of the ſame year. To prepare for the defence of Charleſtown, the reduction of which was known to be contemplated by the Britiſh, was the next object of attention among the Americans. To this Colonel Laurens, devoted all the energies of his active mind. In the progreſs of the ſiege which commenced in 1780, the ſucceſs of defenſive operations became doubtful. Councils of war were frequent ---ſeveral of the citizens were known to wiſh for a ſurrender as a termination of their toils and dangers. In theſe councils, and on proper occaſions, Colonel Laurens advocated the abandonment of the front lines and to retire to new ones to be erected within the old ones and to riſk an aſſault. When theſe ſpirited meaſures were oppoſed on the ſuggeſtion that the inhabitants preferred a capitulation, he declared that he would direct his ſword to the heart of the firſt citizen who would urge a capitulation againſt the opinion of the commander in chief. When his ſuperior officers, convinced of the inefficacy of further reſiſtance, were diſpoſed to ſurrender on terms of capitulation, he yielded to the neceſſity of the caſe and became priſoner of war. This reverſe of fortune opened a new door for ſerving his country in a higher line than he ever yet had done. He was ſoon exchanged and reinſtated in a capacity for acting. In expediting his exchange, Congreſs had the ulterior view of ſending him as a ſpecial miniſter to Paris that he might urge the neceſſity of a vigorous co-operation on the part of France with the United States againſt Great Britain. When this was propoſed to Colonel Laurens, he recommended and urged that Colonel Alexander Hamilton ſhould be employed in preference to himſelf. Congreſs adhered to their firſt choice. Colonel Laurens ſailed for France in the latter end of 1780; and there in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, and count De Vergennes, and marquis De Caſtries, arranged the plan of the campaign for 1781; which eventuated in the ſurrender of Cornwallis, and finally in a termination of the war. Within ſix months from the day Colonel Laurens left America, he returned to it, and brought with him the concerted plan of combined operations. Ardent to rejoin the army, he was indulged with making a verbal report of his negociations to Congreſs; and in three days ſet out to reſume his place as one of the aids of General Waſhington. The American and French army about this time commenced the ſiege of Yorktown. In the courſe of it Colonel Laurens, as ſecond in command with his fellow aid, colonel Hamilton, aſſiſted in ſtorming and taking an advanced Britiſh redoubt which expedited the ſurrender of Lord Cornwallis. The articles of capitulation were arranged by Colonel Laurens on behalf of the Americans. Charleſtown and a part of South Carolina ſtill remained in the power of the Britiſh. Colonel Laurens thought nothing done while any thing remained undone. He therefore on the ſurrender of Lord Cornwallis repaired to South Carolina to aſſiſt in recovering the ſtate. Before he entered on active military duty, he obeyed the call of his country to ſerve as a repreſentative to the ſtate legiſlature, which was convened in January 1782, at Jackſonborough, within thirty-five miles of Charleſtown, which was at that time a Britiſh garriſon. His eloquence was then put in requiſition for the public ſervice. He was the advocate of every energetic meaſure of defence and offence, but declined all civil honours; preferring to ſerve his country in the field. His legiſlative duty being over, he joined the ſouthern army commanded by General Greene. In the courſe of the ſummer of 1782 he caught a common fever and and was ſick in bed when an expedition was undertaken againſt a party of the Britiſh which had gone to Combakee to carry off rice. Colonel Laurens roſe from his ſick bed and joined his countrymen.---While leading an advanced party, he received a ſhot which on the 17th of Auguſt 1782, at the cloſe of the war put an end to his valuable life in the 27th year of his age. His many virtues have been ever ſince the ſubject of eulogy, and his early fall of national lamentation. The 4th of July ſeldom paſſes without a tribute to his memory.

M. GREGOIRE'S LETTER.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

If the bounds of this letter permitted me, I would oppoſe to the evils engendered by infidelity the benefits profuſely ſpread by the chriſtian religion; its introduction was the moſt vaſt of all revolutions, and the moſt beautiful becauſe the moſt uſeful to the human race. The croſs and the goſpel in preparing us for the happineſs of eternity, have civilized the world; virtue and knowledge have every where marched in their train; every region has been abandoned by virtue and knowledge which has loſt chriſtianity? thoſe regions have returned to barbariſm: witneſs the church of Africa, illuſtrious for ſo many learned men, and which was once one of the moſt brilliant portions of chriſtendom. Witneſs Algiers where you reſided two years; ſuch would be the lot which the United States would feel, if ever they ſhould ceaſe to be chriſtians.

And is not this equivalent to what you propoſe in ſome lines, and by an engraving, which a diſciple of the goſpel repels with horror? The attributes of pure chriſtianity are claſſed among the emblems of prejudices. Where are your proofs? is it in the nature of things that what is invariably ſhould be eſſentially true; inſtead of proofs you give up to deriſion objects revered by many hundred millions of men, who will not believe you on your word; they will ſee that your anti-chriſtian ſentence wants juſtneſs; that it is a conſequence without premiſes; that, without reaſoning at all, you decide that all the principles of the goſpel reaſon falſely.

Virtuous minds would ſigh to behold calumny, impiety, and lubricity diſplay themſelves with effrontery, protected by the liberty of the preſs; but as we do not know where to place the limits, if we attempt to eſtabliſh by law, repreſſive meaſures, this evil would be counterbalanced by others, if our mouths were locked and our pens cruſhed by tyranny. The preſs is free in your country; thus you are not reprehenſible by the law, but condemnable at the tribunal of opinion, the ſupreme judge of all crimes that offend propriety and juſtice. Yours offends both.

It offends juſtice, becauſe it is a gratuitous outrage, that reſembles that of the *Jeſumy* at Japan. What would you ſay, if the attributes of liberty, which are ſo dear to you, were trampled under foot before your eyes?

It offends propriety, becauſe, in holding out as *prejudices* the emblems of the Chriſtian religion, it is ſaying to all thoſe who profeſs in that they are fools; this compliment addreſſes itſelf to the diſciples of the goſpel in every part of the globe; it addreſſes itſelf to the eſtimable deſcendants of thoſe Catholics, who flying from Britiſh perſecution, eſtabliſhed in Maryland, a ſtate belonging to your confederation; it addreſſes itſelf to the venerable Carrol, biſhop of Baltimore; you trample on the attributes of his paſtoral character. In France, it is true, the non-conformiſts outrage in this way epiſcopacy on the perſon of thoſe paſtors, who, faithful to the voice of their conſciences, have committed the *unpardonable crime* of ſubmitting to the laws of their country; this is a ſad example to cite, not a model toimitate. Your Preſbyterian countrymen will perhaps aſk, if you abjured the principles that you profeſſed when you were the chaplain of a regiment in the war of independence.

If to believe in the goſpel be a prejudice, permit us to partake of it with the feeble minds of Addiſon, Abbadie, Arbuthnot, Bacon, Berkley, Barrow, Beattie, Bentley, Boerhave, Bonnet, Boyle, Blackſtone, Clarke, Cullen, Doddridge, Ditton, Forbes, Fothergill, Ferguſon, Grotius, Gray, Hervie, Hanway, Hartley, Harrington, Hyde, Haller, Jones, Johnſton, Locke, Lardner, Leibnitz, Littleton, De Luc, Milton, Newton, Puffendorf, Paley, Prior, Pringle, Prieſtley, Price, Ray, Robener, Rouſtan, Robertſon, Sherlock, Spencer, Steele, Thomſon, Wolfe, Waſhington, Uſher, Woodward, Young, &c. and with thoſe madmen, worthy of pay, Boſſuett, Bourdaloue, La Bruyere, Copernicus, Corneille, d'Agueſſeau, Decartes, Deſpreaux, Fenelon, Galileo, Gaſſendi, Houbigant, Mallebranche, Maſſilon, Nicole, Pope, Paſcal, Racine, Winſlow, Winkleman, &c. all ſincere Catholics; but to ſpeak ſeriouſly, it is pleaſant to loſe ourſelves in ſuch a brilliant company.

I muſt add, that in wiſhing to undeceive us in regard to what you call *prejudices*, you err in the choice of means; for conviction can only be the effect of reaſoning; man cannot detach his affection from the object moſt dear to him, unleſs the motives that ſupport it are deſtroyed. But if injuries that revolt are ſubſtituted for arguments that convince, we are ſure to ſtrengthen the adheſion to principles, which are rooted in the mind and the heart. If to convert a Muſſuleman, inſtead of proving to him that Mahomet was an impoſtor, I ſhould commence by placing before his eyes a picture in which the Koran and the Creſcent were trampled under foot, his heart embittered, would cloud his underſtanding, and prevent all acceſs to my attempts. Apply theſe reflections to the true religion, and ſee if you have not failed entirely in a deplorable deſign.

Perſecution, my dear Barlow, does not conſiſt only in exciting, incarcerating, and aſſaſſinating men; Julian invented more cunning, and not leſs cruel vexations. They have been refined among us at The end of the eighteenth century, in harraſſing and lacerating the Catholics without ceſſation, by repeated invectives, by a multitude of thoſe little means, whoſe application was continual torture; impious verſes, ſongs, epigrams, caricatures, every thing was made uſe of.—You are very different from ſuch men, but why reſemble them in any thing. Your engraving is an offence againſt the freedom of religion; a ſort of perſecution which your heart diſavows; reflection will bring on regret. Believe me, my friend, that theſe injured Catholics will not make uſe of repriſals; true piety opens her boſom to erring brethren, without opening it to error; to enlighten them ſhe places the torch of truth in the hand of charity. Having but a moment to exiſt in this world, we ſhould love our fellow men, be benevolent towards all, whatever may be their religion, their colour or their country. Jeſus Chriſt has given us both precept and example in their turn, he diſplayed alternately firmneſs and goodneſs towards the Phariſees; his parable of the Samaritan is a perpetual judgement againſt perſecutors.

If you ſhould ſay further, that France offers examples worthy of condemnation, and that previous to cenſuring an American, my zeal ſhould be exerciſed to convert my countrymen; far from weakening the objection, I would fortify it. I would ſay, that, in a country where ſo many truths have returned to their wells, we ſee printed and circulated freely the obſcene poetry of a member of the national inſtitute, and the rhapſodies of romance writers, who ſerve up afreſh impieties ſo many time refuted. I would ſay too, that, without reſpect to the firſt body of the ſtate, which ought to give an example of decency, immorality is authoriſed, by peopling the garden of the palace with licentious ſtatues, to ſuch a degree that virtuous mothers dare not conduct their children thither.

You ſee that I am far from avoiding objections; but by my diſaprobation of an offence, in which I have no ſhare and againſt which my colleague Lanjuinais, proteſted vainly in full ſenate, though with the general aſſent of the ſenators, I have reſerved to myſelf the right of telling you, that to recriminate is not to anſwer, and that what might be alledged as an example to follow, cannot be but as an abuſe to reform. Gorani obſerves that the licentiouſneſs of painting and ſculpture had exerciſed a diſaſtrous influence over Italy: that the maſterpieces of the arts had drawn away ſound minds from uſeful and neceſſary ſtudies, had depraved their manners, enervated their courage and fomented the moſt hateful vices.* When public ſhame is extinct, do not expect to preſerve the private virtues: and when religion is publicly inſulted, it is a wound to morality, a national calamity.

Many times have I repented having employed ſo many efforts to defend the arts and thoſe who cultivate them againſt Vandalism: not that thoſe arts, which are called *fine*, and which are not always *good*, are bad in their very nature; but almoſt always they are flatterers and corrupters, which by an inconceivable fatality, precede, bring on, eſcort, and follow depravation. Even in this time the illuſtrious Gerſon† complained of it, to whom France owes a monument, and whom ſhe has almoſt forgotten: he was grieved to ſee ſcandalous pictures, and a libidinous work, the *Romance of the Roſe* expoſed to the eyes of youth. At the moment I am writing, we are menaced with a new edition of it.

What will be the fruit of my remonſtrance? You are not one of thoſe men who are afraid to acknowledge that you are wrong. A man is always honoured in doing an act of reparation. I appeal to your loyalty, to your delicacy; this is to put you at ſtrife with yourſelf.

My ſoul is oppreſſed in finding cauſe of blame in a man in whom I ſee ſo much to praiſe. Your character is not degraded by meanneſs, like that of the greater part of your brethren the poets; you have not proſtituted your talents to adulation; do not tarniſh them by incredulity, nor by a ſort of perſecution. Placed at the ſummit of the American Parnaſſus, a creditor of glory, you have ſung in beautiful verſes that liberty you defended with your arms;‡ you came to render her homage at the bar of the national convention, where as preſident, I anſwered in a manner that accorded with the principles you proclaimed. Our hearts were in union.

The true foundation of political liberty is in the goſpel, for it perpetually reminds men, that, having all proceeded from the ſame ſtock, they compoſe only one family: that there exiſts among them, not a *ſpecies of relationſhip* as has been ſaid in a well known work, but a real conſanguinity, whoſe bond is indeſtructible. The goſpel unceaſingly inculcates on men a ſpirit of charity and fraternal ſentiments. The chriſtian religion would be perverted and diſguiſed, if it were ſubordinate to the caprices of rulers and the paſſions; but well underſtood and rightly practiſed, it is the moſt certain gurantee of the purity of public and private manners. Under its wings, my friend, your ſtate of ſociety was raiſed, and conſolidated, and the domeſtic virtues hereditarily tranſmitted; it is to that, without doubt, that you owe,

---

* See the preface to the memoirs ſecrets et critiques des cpus des gouvernans, des mœurs des principeaux etats de l'Italie, by Gorani. —Paris, 1793.

† Vide his works, edit. Dupin. v. ii, p. 291. &c.

‡ Mr. Barlow muſt have repreſented himſelf as a ſoldier of the American revolution, to Mr. Gregoire, and carefully concealed from him, that he was a *Chaplain* in the army—a miniſter of that religion from which he has apoſtatized, and becom[illegible] a bitter reviler;—

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

LOVE AND NATURE.

A Tale founded on fact.

Spring had declin'd and from the torrid zone:
In glowing charms enchanting ſummer ſhone;
In ev'ry field luxuriant crops of grain,
A fruitful harveſt promis'd to the ſwain;
Who ſaw delighted that the cultured ſoil,
Wou'd ſoon with wealth repay his daily toil:
But oh! how quick was ev'ry hope o'er caſt,
When from the Eaſt, keen blew the piercing blaſt;
From the dark clouds the rain in torrents fell,
Delug'd the plains and ruſhed from ev'ry dell;
Each ſtream, and river, burſting from its bed,
One gen'ral ſcene of deſolation ſpread;
Men, houſes, cattle, ſweeping in their courſe,
And the tall trees uprooting by their force.
Amidſt this ſcene two hapleſs beings found,
How deeply fate the human heart can wound:
Some years of wedded love had ſeen them bleſſ'd,
And though not wealthy-not by want depreſſed;
Far from their home, this pair the tempeſt caught,
That home where then was center'd every thought;
Where four ſmall children in their abſence ſtaid
Whoſe daily wants required parental aid;
Their infant babe, a father's circling arm,
Then fondly guarded from each preſent harm:
They urge their ſpeed and ſoon each parent ſees
Their rural cot, appear among the trees;
One ſtream alone for them to croſs remains,
But greatly ſwollen with the fallen rains:
They venture in, the ſtream impetuous flows
And from her horſe the anxious mother throws.
"O ſpare me heav'n, the tortur'd huſband cries,
"In ev'ry thought, diſtraction, horror lies:
"My wife, my child,—impoſſible I find
To ſave them both, yet which can be reſign'd;
When Nature pleads, love points to that loſt friend
On whom for ev'ry comfort I depend;
"Almighty power, direct me which to ſave,
Or which condemn to an untimely grave,"
Love round his heart, its pleading form entwines
And to the ſtream his infant he reſigns:
Then plunging in his ſinking partner ſaves,
And bears in ſafety from the foaming waves.
From that ſad hour, that gay contentment fled
Which o'er their lives ſuch pleaſing charms had ſpread:
On paſt events reflective mem'ry dwelt,
And each their loſs with poignant anguiſh felt;
Yet at their fate no impious murmurs roſe,
Nor heaven arraigned for what its wiſdom choſe?
Suff'rings they knew the portion of mankind
Submiſſive bow'd and tried to be reſign'd. M. M.

FRIENDSHIP.

From E. M. H. to her friend.

Sure not to life's ſhort ſpan confin'd
Shall ſacred friendſhip glow;
Beyond the grave the ardent mind
Its beſt delights ſhall know;

Bleſt ſcenes, where ills no more annoy,
Where heav'n the flame approves,
There lives the heart to naught but joy
And ever lives, and loves;

There friendſhip's matchleſs worth ſhall ſhine,
To hearts like ours ſo dear,
There angels own its power divine,
Its native home is here.

For here below tho' friendſhip's charm,
Its ſoft delights diſplay,
Yet ſouls like ours ſo touched, ſo warm,
Still pants for brighter day.

ANACREONTIC.

Pour the richeſt nectar out
And hand the largeſt bowl about;
We'll drink to pleaſure, foes to care!
We'll drink the kiſſes of the fair.
Take the bowl, love, and drain it deep,
'Tis good to bring untroubled ſleep;
See the ſparkling of her eyes,
See her snowy boſom riſe;
Behold that wine-drop on her lip,
O, I that little drop muſt ſip;
And 'twas the ſweeteſt drop of wine
That ever paſſ'd theſe lips of mine. B. C.

Lines written on leaving the U. States.

Adieu to thee, my country's ſhore!
I leave thee with a patriot's prayer;
May civil Diſcord never more
Diſturb thy peace, nor War's dire roar
Invade the ſlumbers of the fair.

May Commerce ſpread the ſwelling ſails,
On ev'ry ſea, with proſperous gales,
Unſway'd by Fear, unaw'd by Pow'r,
And to thy children health impart,
Her bliſs, and liberty ſtill ſhow'r
Whatever good can cheer thy heart.

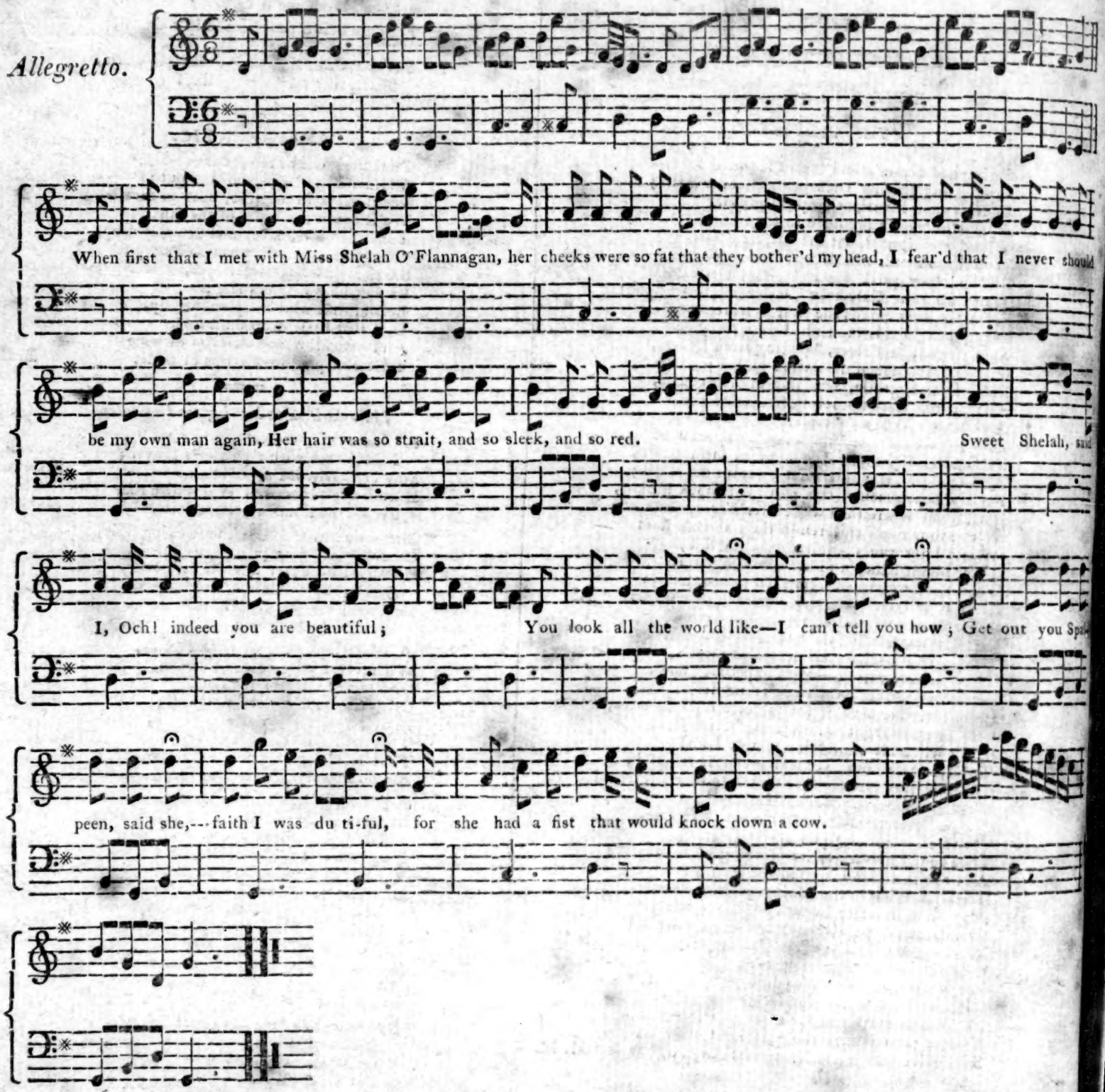
A Wand'rer from my native home,
Wherever I may chance to roam,
Or midſt the ices of the pole,
Or where the loud tornadoes roll;
In Afric's clime, or India's coaſt,
This ſhall forever be my boaſt,
That I, O region of the brave and free!
Am no unworthy citizen of thee.

And thou to whom alone now giv'n
My tender vows, more lov'd than heav'n,
Farewell to thee;
I wiſh thee ev'ry joy of life,
Yet ſhould'ſt thou think of me,
Of all the pangs of all the ſtrife,
Thou'lt cauſe within this breaſt to ſwell;
In ſpite of Pride's repreſſing ſpell
If thou ſhouldſt ever think of all,
Thy heart muſt beat, thy tears muſt fall;
But tho' the exile owns his woe,
He does not aſk thy tears to flow.

Perhaps when time has rolled away,
Revolving years
On ſome far diſtant day;
Devoid of cares,
The exile may return,
And tho' he wear,
A furrow'd brow and ſilvery hair;
His boſom will as truly burn,
Columbia for thee,
His heart will beat,
With country's love as high and ſweet,
As now and free;
From ev'ry pang Eliza form'd,
His breaſt again by Bliſs unmix'd be warm'd, B. C.

SHELAH O'FLANNAGAN.

Allegretto.



2

The next I attack'd in the way of my buſineſs,
For love is an Iriſhman's trade you all know,
I felt in my body a kind of a dizzineſs,
That twiſted my brain from the top to the toe!
'Twas Judy M'Laughlin, whoſe eye as a ſhilling bright,
Look'd clean through the heart of poor Dennis O'Whack;
To hear how I groan'd with love, Och 'twas a killing ſight!
I thought ſure my ſenſes would never come back.

3.

Och! Shelah, my darling, and can you remember when
I laſt ſaw your lily hands waſhing your cloaths.
I warm'd them with kiſſes—t'was cold as December then,
Your cheeks were as red as beef—blue was your noſe.
Dear Dennis, ſays you, are you going to leave me now?
My jewel, ſays I, to be ſure you ſpeak true;
Then Dennis remember me—do not deceive me now;
Saint Patrick forget me, if ever I do!